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Advocate of Peace.

VOL. LXIII.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1901.

No. 2.

THE AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY,
PUBLISHERS,
NO. 3 SOMERSET STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

MONTHLY, ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR. TEN CENTS PER COPY.
Entered at the Boston Post Office as Second Class Matter.

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Queen Victoria's Death.

Because of her long reign, her pure and noble womanhood, her power for righteousness in English and general public life, the wonderful progress of the world during her lifetime, and her influence for peace among the nations, Queen Victoria's death has made an impression upon the world such as that of no other sovereign ever produced, or is likely soon to produce. She had come to seem an essential part of our civilization. Her departure has made a vacant place which the people of all lands are saddened to see. The foreign mourning over her death is no formal diplomatic sniffing.

Whatever the faults of the English government, however sharp the censure directed against certain British policies, the great womanly Queen seems somehow to have nearly entirely escaped personal criticism, and besides to have won and retained to the last the love of the people of all lands, even of her country's severest critics. Of what other sovereign of our time, at any rate of a great power, could anything similar be said? She was to the world the personal embodiment of the best English religious, social and political ideals. Though she is considered to have had great personal influence in the government, yet she escaped in a most remarkable way the fate which overtakes so many rulers, that of being reckoned foremost among the number of those who plunge a country into mad and ruinous schemes. This is a fact almost unique in the history of sovereigns. The lesson of her life, influence and world-popularity may well be taken seriously to heart by

the English people and political leaders at the present momentous time.

Next to the word goodness, one naturally associates the word peace with the late Queen. Real goodness always leads to the love of peace. Victoria began her royal career with the wish to be good; she closed it with a passionate longing for the permanent peace of Europe and of the world. Years ago she let it be known in court circles that she would never sign another declaration of war. Scheming British politicians knew this, and managed their aggressions so that war always seemed to be forced upon Great Britain.

The Queen became more and more troubled in her later years on account of the petty wars of greed and conquest in which her government was incessantly engaged. There were about eighty of these during her reign, for some of which she no doubt had in her way her share of responsibility.

It was an open secret that the South African war greatly distressed her. She made an effort to go "with the tide" of the country in support of it, and this is about the only thing for which she has been severely criticised by certain classes of people. But her heart was not in it. It gave her grief too intense to be put away. This grief ate her life out. If her death was not actually hastened by this cause, as is generally believed, her last months were heavily clouded and embittered by it. Her grief and suffering over the war are a powerful tribute to the goodness and greatness of her soul. Imagine certain of the members of the present British cabinet or of the London press suffering unto death over the plight into which the nation has fallen! But the sacrifice of one so noble as the late Queen is at the same time the royal seal of England's sin and shame in the South African business.

The question has been much discussed, what influence the Queen's death is likely to have in European politics. Little but guessing is here possible; so much depends upon the character and aims of her successor, and upon the spirit and conduct of the English people. In some parts of Europe it is believed that the accession of Edward VII. will actually strengthen the foundations of peace. We hope so. He has a great opportunity before him — such as no king ever had before — if he only knows how to use it. If he would only throw the whole weight of the throne to bring England back from her present lapse into barbarism, a fame even greater than that of his royal mother would be assured him.

While Victoria lived, she was universally recognized as a powerful factor in the preservation of peace. Some have gone so far as to aver that foreign love and respect for her alone prevented an open rupture of the European powers with England. This is great praise. What is certain is that the desire for peace deepened with her to the last. The scene at her bedside, when in her last lucid moments she called the Prince of Wales and the Emperor of Germany to her and they pledged each other on their knees to do all in their power to keep perpetual peace between England and Germany, and elsewhere throughout the world, is a striking revelation of the desire uppermost in her soul,—a revelation also of the anxiety with which she went to her grave, at thought of the calamities threatening Europe from the present mad rivalry of armaments and greed of expansion.

We hope the cable has not lied about this death-bed occurrence. But if it be true, and Edward VII. and William II. were sincere in the pledges made to the dying Queen, they will soon discover that it takes something more than pious wishes to preserve and perpetuate peace. There is no peace along the lines of present European politics. The only way in which these heads of two great powers can practically keep their pledges is by throwing the force of their powerful kingly positions forevermore hereafter squarely against the further development of the armies and navies of their countries, and against the whole jingoistic, imperialistic spirit which is brewing war in many quarters of the globe. Otherwise they will find that, while they are bowing their heads, crossing their hands upon their breasts, and solemnly saying, "Yes, dear mother! yes, beloved grandmother! we will keep the peace of the world which you have sacredly entrusted to us," they themselves are among the chief agencies in turning the solemn ceremony at the lamented Queen's bedside into a hollow mockery and hastening the terrible disasters which they have vowed to try to avert.

The Commemorative Meetings.

The meetings announced in our last issue, in commemoration of the progress of the cause of international peace during the nineteenth century, were held in Tremont Temple, Boston, on the 16th of January. Owing to inclement weather, the prevalence of the grip, and other causes, the audiences were not as large as we had hoped they would be; but they were made up of representative people and were unusually full of interest and enthusiasm. The speaking was of a high order, honest, direct, and some of it extremely telling in its characterization of the absurdities of present-day militarism.

The meetings proved to be much more than merely commemorative gatherings. Gratulations were freely indulged in because of the remarkable progress which

the past century had to show, and the hope, therefore, to be entertained for the future. But a number of the speakers dwelt expressly on what ought still to be done; on the false and absurd notions about war still prevailing; on the ugly obstacles in the way of further advance, and the absurdity and grotesqueness of the situation in which the civilized nations find themselves to-day by reason of their selfishness and folly in keeping up great armaments.

We wish we could put into the report of the meetings the tone of hopefulness and courage and the coloring of intense interest and enthusiasm which prevailed in them. This we cannot do, except in small measure. But we give our readers what we hope will prove a rare treat to them, the privilege of reading in full all of the addresses which were made. Their contents furnish ample ground for the largest hope for the future, at the same time that they lay bare the numerous and stubborn difficulties in the way of the final triumph of international peace, whose removal will tax the wisdom and strength of the friends of the cause for many years to come.

Report of the Addresses Delivered at the Commemorative Meetings Held in Tremont Temple, Boston, January 16th.

The World's Marseillaise.

BY JOSEPH COOK.

Sent by Dr. Cook for the Tremont Temple Peace Meetings.

Now girt with lightnings, docile, fleet,
There stands an angel, with his feet
The one on sea and one on shore;
And Time henceforth shall be no more.

All men are men and men are one,
Join hands all zones beneath the sun,
White, bronze and black and brown and red,
All climate's tintings myriad.

Like rainbow colors, all are kin,
One God above, one law within;
Man's sky with colors seven may glow,
But colors seven make heaven's bow.

Now drumbeats call, from God's vast sky,
Earth's listening heart to Loyalty;
And now no land can foreign be,
And now at last there is no sea.

One sun is in our single sky,
And underneath one family;
On earth so huge and yet so small,
Are all for each and each for all.

Let God's Great Order through men run,
So pray the stars and moon and sun;
Amen, we answer, every one;
God's will in us be wholly done.